SHINKEL AND HIS MATES.

THE CASE FOR BOTH PARTIES TO THE CORNELL CREW SCANDAL,

Ithnes of One Mind, and Wondering at Prestdent White's Attitude - shinkel's Correspondence and Relations with Mise Casey and the Cable Despatches be Sent bim. ITHACA, N. V., Sept. 15. When the report reached here that President White of Corneil University had said in New York that he would require a good deal more proof to convince him of the duplicity of Sainkel, the stroke of the university four, than he had yet seen, there was a buzz of uncomfortable surprise. " How can a non-resident President like President White know anything of Shinkel, whom he hasn't seen for three years, and never knew intimately?" asked one townsman, "And why," continued another, "why, in his effort to make a politic and conclinatory observation, couldn't he see that to defend Shinkel on general principles was to reflect on the honor and the sense of the five others who were in Europe with him?" The town, indeed, was indignant at what they termed the indiscreet attitude of Mr. White.

The feeling here is hardly divided. Shinkel is almost universally condemned, and his own

Affice just before leaving Vienna, and 1.200 gains and income mean of the committees in index, of the committees of injust, of the c

itself to his words. The sermon was rapidly becoming the flery exordium of a genuine Southwestern Hard-Shell Baptist, whon one of the Houston party struck the floor with his whiskey bettle, and shouted "Stop!"

The Parson asked why he was interrupted. "If you'm agoin' to preach, preach," roared Houston, "and it you'm agoin to sing, sing, dog gone you!"

At this the Parson descended from the box and refused to finish his sermon. The boys apologized in vain. At last one of the Stewarts passed up a whiskey buttle, and invited the Parson to drink. It was a sore temptation. The Parson finally yielded, He resumed his sermon with frequent libations, siterinately threatening his hearers with the wrath to come, and imploring them to flee from it."

At 6 o'clock that evening Col. Titus was seated

them to flee from it.

At 6 o'clock that evening Col. Titus was seated in his old place, gamng out on the Indian River. The sun was sinking, and great flocks of cereus and snowy herons were seeking their roosts, Our attention was directed to a man pulling a boat in the direction of Banana Creek. A mile from shore he hoisted sail, and bore away to the east with a fair beam wind.

"Why, who in thunder can that be?" the Colonel muttered. "Ned, oh Ned!" The boy skipped to his father's side. "Fetch me my glasses."

The field glasses were brought. The Colonel arranged the focus, glansed through them, soil boiled eyer. "Great Cesar," he exclaimed, it's Parson Holsome! And he's forgot to return my hat, and my overcoat, and my boots. May I be doubte dod-rotted if he ain!"

Everybour roared. The Colonel got out the Sen Caw, and some of the boys made chase, but the Parson outwitted them. He lowered sail and hid himself at Palma Christi camp on Banana Creek, and after the Sea Cow had passed came out of the creek and ran down the west shore of Merritt's Island, making good his escape.

QUEER FACTS ABOUT CORAL.

INTERESTING INFORMATION FROM A COLLECTOR.

Fishing for Specimens Off the Coast of Cuba-Working with a Calcium Light-Costly Or-naments and Jewelry-Difficult Work. "You would hardly think," the owner of a fine collection of coral said, "that a coral ani-

mal could be tamed. Come now?" The reporter, remembering the trained ovsters at the Aquarium, was non-committal. "Well," the owner continued, holding up a

specimen, "I found this on the reef in Florida, and wishing to watch its growth, I put it where I could observe it every day. For a long time as soon as I came near the spot the polyps would dart into their cells, but after weeks had gone by I noticed that some of them remained out, and gradually came out while I stood there, and finally they would all stay in bloom, even with my hand in the water. They had become acquainted with me and knew that I wouldn't hurt them. and I think I'm the first man that ever tamed an animal so low down in life. It took 55,000,-000 coral animals to build that head," pointing to a fine oval piece of the kind called Porites. about twelve feet in diameter, "and 100,000

bottom in twenty or thirty feet of water, and it's a common thing to bear in Italy, if a man is a vagabond. He is good for nothing but a coral fisher. They go to the fishing grounds in lateen boats, of about sixteen tons. They reverse things there, the Captain or master living in the bow, while the stern is given up to the men and the capstain. They use what they call an 'engine,' a cross of wood made of boited bars, and from each end depends a rough bag, or sak, with coarse meshes, the whole held down by as big a rock as they can manage. A rope is fastened to the centre and lowered over; then all sail is crammed on the vessel, and all hands lay on to the capstan, and with the combined help of wind and men the mass of nets is hauled along over the bottom, catching the rocks, now coming to a standstill with a lerk, the men praying to their patron saint and swearing by turns, and shalli with a lerk, the men praying to their patron saint and swearing by turns, and shally an attempt is made to haul the mass aboard, a work that would make our laborers faint to read of, as the immense rocks that are broken off have to come too. But it's only a matter of time, and the little pieces of coral are picked out and cleaned, and the engine' dropped over again. And so this goes on night and day for the season, or until enough is taken to pay them for the trip. Twenty cents a day and found is the laborer's share, and he's lucky if he gets that, People wouldn't grumble about high prices if they had to exercise on the engine."

A VERY BAD ELEPHANT.

Nome of the Boings of Chief, who Killed Negroes for Fun and his Keeper in a Mage.

From the Charlotte Observer.

SOMETHING ABOUT CATFISH. THE MIDST OF BUSINESS.

REMARKS BY AN OLD FISHERMAN IN

Ille Life Saved Once by Digging Fishes Out of Frozen Mud-His Opinion of Amateur Sportsmen who Carry Costly Tackle. INDIAN RIVER, N. Y., Sept. 8 .- "Look out.

there!" yelled a round-shouldered, bronzolfaced old fellow on the Indian River bridge, We ducked our heads, and with a swing and a splash the old man pulled a much-bewniskered catfish into the air and sent it whistling on the logs.
"That's a five-pounder," the angler said.

cutting a worm in two. "You may talk about your trout, pickerel, and bass, but as for me, give me cattish. They call me Cattish John all on account of my liking for 'em, and what I don't know about 'em isn't worth knowing. I followed the sea about twenty years ago, and have caught catfish in about every water on earth. They did me a good turn once. I was out lumbering about twenty miles north of here, and you'd think it a queer idea for an old hand like me to get turned round; but I did get regularly lost, and for two days I didn't eat enough to keep one of these ere black flies quiet. It was tramping in the snow, too,